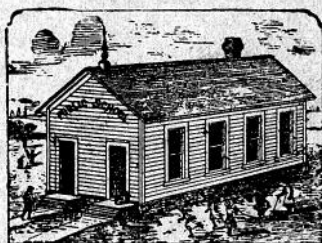


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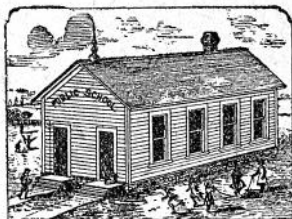
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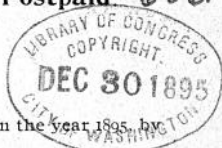
PATRIOTIC CAMPAIGN SONGSTER.



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My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

TUNE—*America.*

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love.
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song.
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might,
Great God or King.

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Our New England Fathers.

TUNE—*My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean.*

Our forefathers came o're the ocean,
Our forefather's came over the sea.
Their hearts filled with love and devotion,
To spy out a land for the free.

CHORUS—

This land, this land,
They sought this land for the free, the free;
Our land, our land,
This beautiful land for the free,

They fled from the hand of oppression,
They left home and friends o'er the sea.
To build up free shrines for confession
To the God of the oppressed and the free.

CHORUS—

This land, this land,
To dwell in this land of the free, the free,
Our land, our land,
This beautiful land of the free.

Where the old rock of Plymouth lies buried,
On the storm beaten strand by the sea,
They erected their altars of freedom.
They sang their first songs of the free.

CHORUS—

This land, this land,
This beautiful land of the free, the free,
Our land, our land,
Columbia's land of the free.

With spirits undaunted they labored
For Country and homes by the sea,
Till the hills and the valleys re-echoed
Their undying songs for the free.

CHORUS—

This land, this land,
Re-echoed with songs for the free, the free,
Our land, our land,
Our forefathers' land of the free.

In the God-serving homes of New England,
Was planted fair liberty's tree,
Her brave sons and daughters bequeathed us
This land of free homes for the free.

CHORUS—

This land, this land,
Bequeathed us this land of the free, the free,
Our land, our land,
This land of free homes for the free.

Let us cherish our birth-right of freedom,
That sprang from these homes by the sea,
In truth may it never be written,
'Tis no longer the land of the free.

CHORUS—

This land, this land,
This glorious land of the free, the free,
Our land, our land,
Humanity's land of the free.

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Marching to the Tune of Yankee Doodle.

TUNE—*Marching Through Georgia.*

Have you seen the host of Yankee Boys
Now swinging into line,
To the tune of Yankee Doodle,
In perfect Yankee time;
With this legend on their banner,
"No Ropery in mine,"
While we march to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

CHORUS—

Hurrah! Hurrah! the boys are coming in,
Hurrah! Hurrah! our cause is sure to win.
The papal cry of liberty
Is getting quite too thin
When sung to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

From the work-shop and the factories
Comes the loyal Swedish man,
Who left King Oscar long ago
To become American.
While the loyal Scotch and Orangemen
Are leading on the van,
Marching to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

CHORUS—

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the land that makes us free,
Hurrah! Hurrah! for home and liberty.
No matter where on earth we're born
We're Yankee, don't you see?
Marching to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

Satolli and John Ireland
Are up to wiley tricks;
They're bound to work the papal scheme
In Yankee politics;
Like oil and water in a jug,
They'll find it will not mix,
Marching to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

CHORUS—

Hurrah! Hurrah! no slaves of Rome are we,
Hurrah! Hurrah! we'll be forever free;
To bishop, priest and potentate
We'll never bend the knee,
Marching to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

The Romish clan in '95
Saw the writing on the wall;
They read it down in Washington,
They read it in St. Paul
"That American Protection"
Means liberty to all
Who march to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

CHORUS—

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the land that makes us free,
Hurrah! Hurrah! for home and liberty.
No potentate shall rule us,
Who lives across the sea,
While we march to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

Politically they are dead,
And have gone to meet their God.
Their epitaph is written—
Uncle Sam he did the job—
Poor Pat has left his office,
And taken up his hod,
And *must* march to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

CHORUS—

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the loyal and the true,
Hurrah! Hurrah! for the boys who wore the blue.
Hurrah for every body
Who is Yankee through and through
And marches to the tune of Yankee Doodle

The Roman Hierarchy
Is after Uncle Sam,
To build their Ancient Dago God
A Yankee vatican;
If built, the A. P. As. will see
'Tis on the school-house plan,
Marching to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

CHORUS—

Hurrah! Hurrah! no slaves of Rome are we;
Hurrah! Hurrah! for the flag that makes us free.
To bishop, priest or potentate
We'll never bend the knee,
Marching to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

When election day rolls round again,
We'll meet the foe once more;
We'll give him such a drubbing
That will make him mighty sore,
We'll take their choicest candidates
And with them swipe the floor,
Marching to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

CHORUS—

Hurrah! Hurrah! for our leaders tried and true,
Hurrah! Hurrah! for each friend who is true blue,
Hurrah! for everybody
Who will join our loyal crew,
And vote to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

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Our Country's Danger.

TUNE—*Baby Mine, Baby Mine*

What means this great commotion,
In our land, in our land,
From the prairies to each Ocean,
In our land, in our land,
'Tis the roar of Sumpter's gun
That was fired in sixty-one,
Repeat, Its echo is resounding,
Once again, once again.

Our country is in danger,
'Tis the cry, 'tis the cry,
From the alien and the stranger,
'Tis the cry, 'tis the cry,
"In them we'll find a foe,"
'Twas spoken long ago,
By the Father of our country,
Washington, Washington,
By the Father of our country,
Washington.

From the cloister, and the nun'ries,
Of old Rome, of old Rome,
Comes the priest, the nun, and Jesuit,
From old Rome, from old Rome,
With no love for Freedom's cause,
With a hatred for her laws,
They come to teach the Yankees
How to vote, how to vote,
They come to teach the Yankees
How to vote.

In the Councils of the Nation,
They are found, they are found,
In every rank and station,
They abound, they abound,
While serving Uncle Sam,
They obey the Romish clan,
And the orders from Pope Leo,
Ev'ry time, ev'ry time.
And the orders from Pope Leo,
Ev'ry time,

"Your Public Schools are Godless,"
Says the Pope, says the Pope,
"Your Churches, vile and Soulless,"
Says the Pope, says the Pope,
"Use every means you can,
To capture Uncle Sam,
And I will rule the people,"
Says the Pope, says the Pope
"And I will rule the people,"
Says the Pope,

Now, Mr. Leo Pecci,
Don't you know, don't you know,
The starry flag of Freedom,
Is no show, is no show,
It was planted here to stay,
Until the Judgment Day,
For that same old spirit lingers,
With our boys, with our boys,
For that same old spirit lingers
With our boys.

To check this foreign rabble,
Of to-day, of to-day,
Is the work of ev'ry loyal
A. P. A. A. P. A.
We will stuff their greedy maw,
With a dose of Yankee law,
And send them back to Pecci,
O'er the sea, o' the sea,
And send them back to Pecci,
O'er the sea.

Our country's hope and glory,
Is the home, is the home,
Our future 'll tell the story,
Of the home, of the home,
A mother's guiding hand
Writes the his'try of our land,
For the foot that rocks the cradle,
Rules the world, rules the world,
For the foot that rocks the cradle,
Rules the world.

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The Dragon and the Beast.

TUNE—*John Brown's Body.*

Have you read that ancient story in the annals of the
East,

Where the prophet saw in vision, a dragon and a beast?
Who scourged the people sorely, from the greatest to
the least,

While their power went marching on.

CHORUS—

Ring out, ring out this timely warning,
Ring out, ring out this timely warning,
Ring out, ring out this timely warning,
Their power now marches on.

On the banks of the Tiber, 'neath St. Peter's lofty dome,
Sits that dragon clothed in scarlet, upon the papal
throne,

While the beast obeys his edict, "All power must come
from Rome,"

As we go marching on.—CHO.

From the papal throne, he thunders, "This world shall
yet be mine,

"The mitre'll be the scepter, and the cross shall be our
sign,

"Ye all shall be the branches, and I will be the vine,
While my power goes marching on.—CHO.

From the midnight of the ages, comes the martyrs' wail
of woe,
I see them flee in terror before their bloody foe,
I hear their cry of anguish, I see their life-blood flow,
While the beast goes marching on.—CHO.

Arise ye sons of freedom, his foot is on our shore,
That same old scarlet monster, who ruled in days of
yore,
We must check his power, or perish, like those martyrs
gone before,
For his power still marches on.—CHO.

Let us rally for protection, let us rally with a cheer,
For the home, the school, the ballot, and for all that we
hold dear,
With these, our sacred birthright, no hand must inter-
fere.
As we go marching on.—CHO.

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The Papal Scheme.

TUNE—*My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean.*

Pope Leo sat busily planning,
Pope Leo, who lives o'er the sea;
In thought, he was eagerly scanning,
Our beautiful land of the free.

CHORUS—

Our land, our land,
This beautiful land of the free, the free,
Our land, our land,
Our beautiful land of the free.

His soul was transported with rapture,
This Leo, who lives o'er the sea;
"I'll send forth my faithful and capture
This beautiful land of the free."

CHORUS—

This land, this land,
This beautiful land of the free, the free.
Go forth, go forth,
And capture this land of the free.

The papists from over the ocean,
By millions they come o'er the sea
To build up their shrines of devotion,
Transforming this land of the free.

CHORUS—

Our land, our land,
Our beautiful land of the free, the free,
Our land, our land,
Transforming this land of the free.

This spirit of liberty slumbered,
No sign could we see of a foe,
Till the Poe from the Vatican thundered:
"Your little red school-house must go."

CHORUS—

“Must go, must go,
“Your little red school-house must go, must go,
“I say, I say,
“Your little red school-house.” *must go*.

Satolli came over the ocean,
Satolli came over the sea,
His heart full of papal devotion,
To capture this land of the free,

CHORUS—

Go back, go back,
Go back, Satolli, to Rome, go back,
Send back, send back,
Oh! send back Satolli, to Rome.

Awake! sons of freedom, there's danger,
There's danger from over the sea;
Your birth-right is sought by the stranger,
• Our fore-father's land of the free.

CHORUS—

Our land, our land,
Our fore-fathers' land of the free, the free,
Our land, our land,
Humanities land of the free.

We'll shout for each star in Old Glory,
We'll stand by the flag of the free,
Let it never be written in story,
No longer it floats o'er the free.

CHORUS—

Stand back, stand back,
Ye minions of Leo, stand back, stand back,
Our flag, our flag,
Forever shall float o'er the free.

(Arranged by H. R. Howe.)

The Story of Patsy O'Hare.

TUNE—*Vilkins and Dinah.*

In the town of Maynooth, lived Patsy O'Hare,
The biggest old toper in County Kildare,
No fight or a frolic both far off, or near,
But Patsy was in it clear up to his ear.

CHORUS—

Sing tu-ral-li-tu ral-li-tu-ral-li-ray,
Sing tu-ral-li-tu-ral-li-tu-ral-li-ray,
No fight or a frolic, both far off, or near,
But Patsy was in it clear up to his ear.

From morning till night, it was quarrel and strife,
No woman of spirit could lead such a life,
So Biddy determined, the Priest she would see,
She would tell all her troubles to Father McGee.

CHORUS—

Sing tu-ral-li-tu-ral-li-tu-ral-li-ray,
Sing tu-ral-li-tu-ral-li-tu-ral li-ray,
So Biddy determined, the Priest she would see,
She would tell all her troubles to Father McGee.

Forthwith to the Father, poor Biddy did go,
She told him her story of trouble and woe,
With fear and with trembling, she paid in the fee.
"I'll fix the bold rascal," said Father McGee.

CHORUS—

Sing tu-ral-li-tu-ral-li-tu-ral-li-ray,
Sing tu-ral-li-tu-ral-li-tu-ral-li-ray,
With fear and with trembling, she paid in the fee,
"I'll fix the bold rascal," said Father McGee.

Next time at confession, Pat trembled with fear,
When th' old Father thundered these words in his ear,
"If yez ever get drunk again, do you mind that,
Your beastly old carcass will turn into a rat."

CHORUS—

Sing tu-ral-li-tu-ral-li-tu-ral-li-ray,
Sing tu-ral-li-tu-ral-li-tu-ral-li-ray,
"If yez ever get drunk again, do you mind that,
Your beastly old carcass, will turn into a rat."

In spite of the warning of Father McGee,
Old Paddy soon got on a terrible spree,
Though his brains they were muddled, he did not forget,
The Father had said, he'd turn into a rat.

CHORUS—

Sing tu-ral-li-tu-ral-li-tu-ral-li-ray,
Sing tu-ral-li-tu-ral-li-tu-ral-li-ray,
Though his brains they were muddled, he did not forget,
The Father had said he'd turn into a rat.

Old Patsy was frightened near out of his life,
For fear and protection, he called for his wife,
"Oh Biddy, my darling, come save your own Pat,"
Do kape me from turning into an old rat."

CHORUS—

Sing tu-ral-li-tu-ral-li-tu-ral-li-ray,
Sing tu-ral-li-tu-ral-li-tu-ral-li-ray,
"Oh Biddy, my darling, come save your own Pat,
Do kape me from turning into an old rat."

"Now good bye, my Biddy, I'm a goner you see,
I'm sure to become what the Father told me,
One request I will make, now don't forget that,
When you see the tail growing, kape an eye on the cat."

CHORUS—

Sing tu-ral-li-tu-ral-li-tu-ral-li-ray,
Sing tu-ral-li-tu-ral-li-tu-ral-li-ray,
"One request I will make, now don't forget that,
When you see the tail growing, kape an eye on the cat."

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American Protection.

TUNE—*Battle Cry of Freedom.*

Let us rally 'round the standard
Of the red, the white, the blue,
Shouting American protection.
Let us stand like walls of granite,
With the loyal and the true,
Shouting American protection.

CHORUS—The A. P. A's. forever,
Hurrah! boys, hurrah!
Sworn for protection,
Sworn to defend
Our homes, our land, our liberties
Unto the bitter end,
We stand for American protection,

We will plant the starry banner
On ev'ry school-house top,
Shouting our battle-cry, Protection.
Whoever dares to interfere,
We'll shout, "You'd better stop;"
'Tis the emblem of American protection.—CHO.

The same old man of sin,
Has revealed himself once more,
Shouting for his rights and protection.
He's the nigger in the wood-pile,
Who is thinly covered o'er,
With the papal cry for rights and protection.
—CHO.

Our struggle at the ballot-box,
Though bloodless, is a power
That shouts for American protection.
From loyal hearts and ready hands
Our ballots mark the hour
Of victory for American protection.—CHO.

Let us rally at the polls, boys.
Let us rally in our might,
Shouting American protection.
Throughout our glorious Union,
We'll push the bitter fight,
Shouting for American protection.—CHO.

(Arranged by H. R. Howe.)

Our Patriot Army.

TUNE—*John Brown.*

A mighty patriot army is rising in our land,
For equal rights and liberty they firmly take a stand,
To protect our homes and birthright from the crafty
papal band,
And keep our country free.

CHORUS—

Rally, rally to our banner,
Rally, rally to our banner,
Rally, rally to our banner,
The emblem of the free.

A throng of foreign paupers are swarming to our shore,
Who seek to serve the Romish church, and papacy re-
store;

They must learn that in America his power can be no
more,

Our country must be free.—CHO.

Our knee we'll never bend to kiss the toe of priest or
pope,
The God who guided Moses, in Him we place our hope ;
His mighty arm is able with papacy to cope,
And keep our country free.—CHO.

We'll watch the crafty Jesuits, and keep them from our
schools,
They must learn that true Americans are neither rogues
nor fools.
We propose to run this nation, to make its laws and
rules,
And keep our country free.—CHO.

Come join our loyal army, and with us push the fight,
Till the night of superstition is lifted from our sight,
And every human creature bows to Eternal Right,
And all mankind are free.—CHO.

(Arranged by H. R. Howe.)

Stand, Patriots, Stand!

TUNE—*The Old Boatman's Song.*

In ev'ry town, in ev'ry state,
In ev'ry station, small or great,
'Tis Paddies here, 'tis Mickies there,
And Pape boodle everywhere.

CHORUS—

Then stand, Patriots, stand,
Protect our glorious land,
No Popes or Kings or Priestly rings,
Shall rule this Yankee nation,
Heigh! ho, here we go,
And whoop it up for Uncle Sammy O!
Heigh! ho, here we go,
To knock out Rome and Pope Leo.

All o'er our land from sea to sea,
We've got the rabble up a tree,
Old Pat looks on, and swears like blazes,
And damns those "haythen A. P. Azes."—CHO.

Like wolves they gather on our track,
They snap and snarl behind our back,
They boycott here, they rob us there,
They never act upon the square.—CHO.

To Romish rule we'll bar the door,
And let the Popish Lion roar,
He can't come in, there is no doubt,
The A. P. A's have knocked him out.—CHO.

We welcome all to freedom's soil,
Who come to live by honest toil,
But they who come to serve the Pope,
Had better pack their duds and slope.—CHO.

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Freedom's Band.

AIR—*Dare to be a Daniel.*

Working for a purpose true,
A patriotic band,
With our Country's good in view,
We firmly take our stand.

CHORUS—

Dare to be an A. P. A.
Dare to stand alone,
Dare to work for Freedom's cause,
Dare to make it known.

Many true Americans,
In our glorious land,
Dare not show their colors true,
By joining Freedom's Band.—CHO.

The many foes of Liberty,
Lurking in our land,
Will meet the fate of Lucifer
When met by Freedom's Band.—CHO.

We'll hold aloft our banner high,
And march to vict'ry grand,
Alien rule we will defy,
By joining Freedom's Band.—CHO.

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Uncle Sammy's Best.

TUNE—*The Camptown Races.*

The Yankee boys they sing this song,
Du dah, du dah.
They sing it full five million strong,
Du dah, du dah da.

CHORUS—

We're bound to win this fight,
We're in the ring to stay,
We're backed by Uncle Sammy's best,
The loyal A. P. A.

All o'er this land they sing our song,
Du dah, du dah.
Old parties think there's something wrong,
Du dah, du dah da.—CHO.

The patriot boys from ev'ry land,
Du dah, du dah;
To save our flag, they lend a hand,
Du dah, du dah da.—CHO.

The Orangemen, they whoop it up,
Du dah, du dah.
They're bound to win St. Peter's cup,
Du dah, du dah da.—CHO.

The men who rule from o'er the sea,
Du dah, du dah,
Begin to shiver at the knee,
Du dah, du dah da.—CHO.

The foes of liberty must croak,
Du dah, du dah.
We'll fix them with a Yankee vote,
Du dah, du dah da.—CHO.

The man who gets the White House seat,
Du dah, du dah,
Must ev'ry Friday eat his meat,
Du dah, du dah da.—CHO.

Let everybody shout and cheer,
Du dah, du dah.
Our victory is drawing near,
Du dah, du dah da.—CHO.

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When Our Votes are Counted In.

TUNE—*When Johnny Comes Marching Home.*

Our Uncle Sam he left a will,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Washington wrote this codicil,
"To keep our title good and clear,
No foreign foe must interfere,"

We'll all look sharp,
When our votes are counted in.

We'll all look sharp,
When our votes are counted in.

A foreign foe is on our shore,
Wake up! Wake up!
He's knocking at the school-house door,
Wake up! Wake up!

With priestly craft and papal skill,
They're trying to break our Uncle's Will,
We'll shout, hands off!

When our votes are counted in.
We'll shout, hands off!

When our votes are counted in.

St. Patrick wants to run our town,
Not yet! Not yet!
He wants it all, from mayor down—
Not yet! Not yet!

With cross and mitre he would rule,
He'd place the Sisters in the school.
We'll all shout, No!

When our votes are counted in.
We'll all shout, No!

When our votes are counted in.

The A. P. A.'s will make it hot,
You bet! You bet!
For priestly rufe and Romish rot,
You bet! You bet!

Through purgatory they must go,
A country without ice or snow.

We'll send them there,
When our votes are counted in.
We'll send them there
When our votes are counted in.

For home and country let us vote,
And work! And work!
To keep our Ship of State afloat,
We'll work! We'll work!
United we'll hang out this card,
"Put none but patriots on guard."
We'll anchor safe
When our votes are counted in.
We'll anchor safe
When our votes are counted in.

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The Old Red School House on the Hill.

TUNE—*The Little German Home Across the Sea.*

In fancy oft I wander back, to that Eastern home of
mine,
And live my boyhood's happy days once more,
Again I climb the mountain side, 'neath the hemlock and
the pine.
Again I hear the cascade's sullen roar.
Once more I see the forest shade blot out the sunset's
gleam.
Once more I hear the night-bird's startling cry,

Again I see the storm cloud roll, o'er forest, hill and
stream,
And the vivid lightning dart across the sky.

CHORUS—

No matter where I roam,
I can ne'er forget that home,
And these mem'ries which to me are very dear,
But there's none that gives my heart a thrill,
When in vision bright and clear,
I see that old red school house on the hill.

'Twas there within those rustic walls, we learned the
A, B, C,

And saw their power unfolded day by day,

'Twas there we sat on benches rude, and worked the
Rule of Three,

While eagerly we watched the hour for play.

'Twas there as boys and girls we met, our teachers long
since gone,

Their kindly faces yet methinks I see,

'Twas there we learned the story, in lesson and in song,
Of our Country's mighty struggle to be free.—CHO.

'Twas there within those dingy walls, we sang with
youthful glee,

While the teacher led in chorus clear and strong,

'Twas there we sang these stirring words, "My Coun-
try 'tis of thee,"

'Twas there we learned our Nation's grand old song.

Once more I see these boys and mates, now grown to
sturdy men,

When treason raised aloft her snaky head,
March to the front, in battle shock, and in Southern
prison pen,

While some lie sleeping with the nameless dead.—CHO.

When time shall lay his ruthless hand, upon those dear
old walls

And their once familiar form shall be no more,
May the youthful throng who gathered there, obey,
when Master calls

To re-assemble on the Eternal Shore.

Their school days ended here below, their life of duty
done,

There, to enter on an endless day of rest,
Oh! may these mem'ries linger still, as we gather round
the Throne

In one common Alma Mater of the blest.—CHO.

